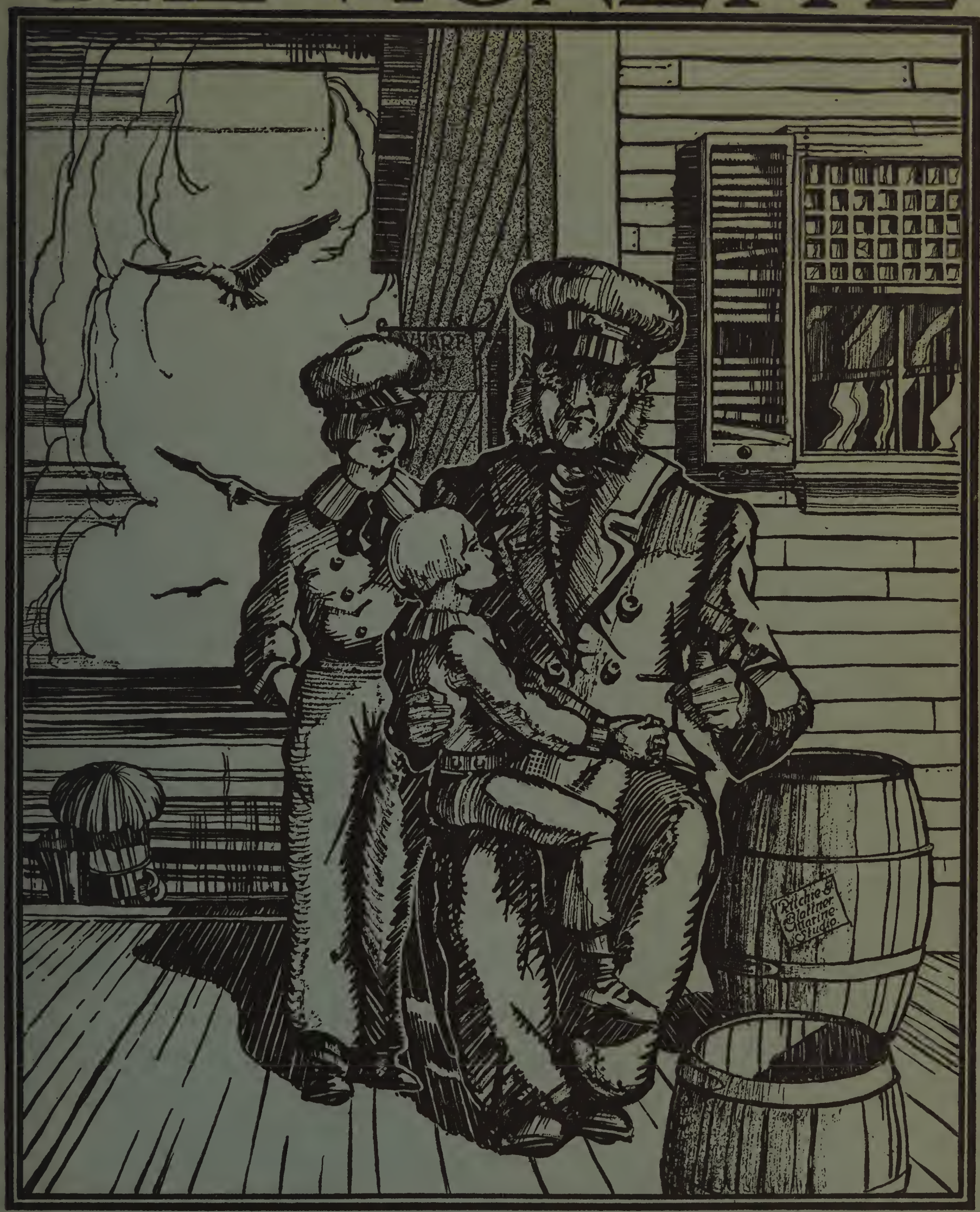
THE VIGNETTE



THE VIGNETTE

MASSACHUSETTS
SCHOOL OF ART

1492
1929
MAX GORODNITSKY
AMERICA

THE VIGNETTE

The Rise of the Long Poem

In 1825, Macaulay, who is not without fame as an essayist, made the following statement. "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines." This was effectively disproved by his own countrymen in an age which at that time exceeded all others for industrialism and mechanical progress. It remains for America in the 20th Century of unsurpassed materialism to reiterate the undying proof of "unquenchable springs of poetry which well up from the heart of every people in every age."

The demand for poetry in America has steadily grown since the World War, from the time when poetry was accepted for publication only in condensed bits which an editor might use as a filler, through the period when nearly as many were writing as were reading, to the present day in which more poetry is being read than ever before. Time was, when a verse done in the modern manner was akin to a picture done in the modern manner and required an interpreter before it could be assimilated by the ordinary reader. The impressionists held the stage by novelty rather than by honest worth, and the old-fashioned verse that rhymed seldom gained the printed page. But the efforts of the extremists perished and apparently made excellent fertilizer, for out of them grew such moderns as Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, and Amy Lowell, impressionists, but with something to say and with what glorious means of saying it we all know. Less exotic in style, but imagists too, are Markham, Masters, Frost, Benét, and Robinson, only a few of the many. Also there are the lyricists, of which we concede highest honors to Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Poetry has been coming into its own here in America, for some time. Whitman began it with his large naturalism, his buoyant humanity. His influence has touched every field of contemporary art. Just one example which comes to mind is Percy Grainger's *Marching Song of Democracy* written for mixed chorus, and owing its existence to Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* which agitated the theme in the mind of the composer. Whitman's tremendous familiarity, and his reverence for the homely, near things, together with his "racy but religious mysticism," make him still the outstanding figure in American literature. He compares in Literature with Whistler in Art.

With the casting aside of the old forms, the stiff formality and flowery verbosity, more people who do not profess to be poets, have undertaken this form of expression, and with not bad results. *Creative Youth,* an anthology of short poems by high school students is surprising in its worth. What these poems lack in form and the sure touch of the artist, they make up for in imagery and color.

That people are still writing in large numbers and that their work is being read, is evident in the existence of such magazines as *Poetry,* and by the bulging covers of current anthologies. Up to two years ago, any poem of more than 500 words was considered a long poem, and such poems, as a rule, were neither prevalent nor especially popular. The market was all for the shorter form. Perhaps it is that we were still a little afraid of the language of the gods and could only digest it in small doses. Perhaps our taste has been developing and becoming refined in these last few years. At any rate, the long poem has arrived and has captured our enthusiasm as the shorter forms never could.

In 1927, Edwin Arlington Robinson's

"Spreading the Seed of the Lord, Mister!
Spreading . . . His . . . Seed!"

Tristram was published, a poem of some 32,000 words. Robinson had already achieved recognition as a concise painter of psychological portraits. Familiar figures are his Miniver Cheevy "who missed the medieval grace of iron clothing," and Richard Corey, who "one calm summer night went home and put a bullet through his head." His style is analytical. He is most interested in the personalities and the problems of people. In *Tristram*, which is written in free verse, there is description and there is color, but these serve only as a background for the characters whom we come to know through their mental life rather than through their actions. Although the theme of the book is an undying love such as exists only in fiction, the characters are flesh and blood, with reasonable emotions and judgments. The unpleasant people are soundly unpleasant, and the three leading characters, while unusual, are not impossible. The book, of course, is based on the legendary Tristram and Isolde. The background against which these people move has been likened to the work of Puvis de Chavannes, so subordinated is it to the action of the characters; one might say the colors have been grayed.

The sweeping popularity of this work was unlooked for. Because of its length it might be supposed that it would have an appeal only for the discriminating minority, but the taste of the public has welcomed the longer work and continues to do so.

Although America has never concerned herself with government appointments in the Arts, she is beginning to wonder if the people have not unanimously elected a poet-laureate in the person of Stephen Vincent Benét. In 1928, Mr. Benét's *John Brown's Body* was brought out. This poem occupies 370 odd pages, not one of which will go unread. Although its very essence is the embodiment of America in the years leading up to and through the Civil War, it is sufficiently human in its appeal to hold the acute attention of a later century to whom history may at times appear as a collection of musty accounts and statistics. Mr. Benét achieves the difficult feat of making the past more absorbingly interesting than the present. *John Brown's Body* is a book to be read from cover to cover at one sitting. For the dwindling few to whom the Civil War is but a dim memory, this work will bring back a host of pictures; for those who remember more of the days following than of the war itself, the past will live completely; and for those who have known this period only through the not too exciting pages of a history book, a new living History, full of significance, will take its rightful place in their minds.

The characters, although they express an intangible part of a great period, are real people whose lives are compellingly interesting to the reader. John Brown is thoughtfully drawn, and Abraham Lincoln is handled with a finesse which gainsays criticism. There are the threads of two distinct love stories woven in among the historically accurate detail, each metaphorical in the great scheme of things. There is staid New England irresistibly drawn into union with all that is not New England in the exotic person of Melora Vilas. And there is the losing struggle of the tradition-bound "old family" of the South against the invasion of the age-old desire in the person of lovely Sally Dupré whose pedigree was not quite good enough to be accepted blindly.

Mr. Benét has achieved his pattern through a series of pictures which may seem unrelated at first, but which, taken collectively, make up the fine design. In the prologue there is the theme of Turner's *The Slave Ship;* on another page there is all the pain, exasperation, animalism of O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*. The structure of *John Brown's Body* is unique. The metrical pattern shifts throughout. For New England, there is a free verse form, accented with short stanzas in rhyme that set the feet tapping. For the South there are long passages based on the rhymed couplet, the very rhythm of which suggest that lazy land. There is too much in this work to touch in one brief sentence, or five or six. When have we had a book so crammed with life, so full of reality; and yet poetry throughout! It will take its place with the classics, and not the least joyful thing about it is the way in which the American public has recognized its worth. It must have headed the waiting list in every library in the country. The reading public is not the only public, but

it is one public whose taste is capable of recognizing the best.

D. W.

Good Morning America!

Have you read "Good Morning America"? If you haven't, you had better do so, or you will be horribly embarrassed some day like the man at the dinner-party who had not read Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf beforehand. This book is one of the most talked-of volumes of poetry in Boston at present.

"Good Morning America," Carl Sandburg's latest book, is not one long poem as I first thought, but consists of the fairly lengthy title poem and a collection of short ones, most of which should have been omitted. They are chiefly slow, sleepy songs of spring awakenings, blood-gold moons, and emotional sketches of episodes that leave the reader asking what it's all about. They lack the arresting simplicity of the tiny poem in one of his earlier books, "The Fog Comes on Little Cat Feet," and they have none of the blood and iron quality of "Chicago."

In the front of the book is an interesting and amusing section called "Tentative Definitions of Poetry." Here are some of them:—

> "Poetry is the report of a nuance between two moments when people say 'Listen!' and 'Did you see it?' 'Did you hear it? What was it?'
>
> "Poetry is an enumeration of birds, bees, babies, butterflies, bugs, bambinos, baba yagas, and bipeds beating their way up bewildering bastions."
>
> "Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly the air."

"Good Morning America," itself, seems to be a jubilant, emotional hymn to America, past, present, and future. As in Walt Whitman's "Chants to Democratic America" it is written in a conversational tone and in the first person.

> "In the evening there is a sunset sonata comes to the cities.
>
> There is a march of little armies to the dwindling of drums.
>
> The skyscrapers throw their tall lengths of walls into black bastions on the red west.
>
> The skyscrapers fasten their perpendicular alphabets far across the changing silver triangles of stars and streets.
>
> And who made 'em? Who made the skyscrapers?
>
> Man made 'em!—the little two-legged joker, Man.
>
> Out of his head, out of his dreaming, scheming skypiece,
>
> Out of proud little diagrams that danced softly in his head,—Man made the skyscrapers."

This is one of the best parts, "the march of little armies to the dwindling of drums," and the comparison of the long shadow of skyscrapers to "perpendicular alphabets" fastened across the changing silver triangles of stars and streets. One could paint a fine, modernistic composition from that description.

We are reminded of the beginnings of America. Sandburg tells us to "Turn horses, sitting in saddles, smelling of leather, going to Boston, to Richmond, in velvet knickerbockers, in silk stockings, in slippers with silver buckles, white-powdered wigs on their heads, speaking of the 'honor of a gentleman,'"—

A condensed impression of the Civil War, the World War and the coming of the machine age are set forth in terse chanted paragraphs.

With the coming of the twentieth century "a code arrives;

> language, lingo, slang.
>
> behold the proverbs of a people, a nation:
>
> the higher they go, the farther they drop,
>
> the fewer, the sooner. Tell 'em. Tell 'em.
>
> Make 'em listen. They got to listen when they know who you are
>
> Don't let 'em know what you got on your hip.
>
> Hit 'em where they aint. It's good for whatever ails you,
>
> and if nothing ails you, it's good for that.
>
> Where was you raised, in a barn?"

There are some three pages in this vein and then an ominous change:

> "Now it's Uncle Sam sitting on top of the world.
>
> Not so long ago it was John Bull, and earlier yet, Napoleon

And the eagles of France told the world where to get off at.

Spain, Rome, Greece, Persia, their blunderbuss guns, their spears, catapults, ships, took their turn at leading the civilizations of the earth—

One by one they were bumped off, moved over, left behind, taken for a ride; they died or they lost the wallop they used to pack, not so good, not so good."

And on and on to the end where everything is rosy and the future of America looks promising.

"Good morning, America.

Good morning, Mr. Who, Which, What.

Good morning, let's all of us tell our real names.

Good morning, Mr. Somebody, Nobody, Anybody-who-is-anybody-at-all.

Good morning, Worms in the Dust, Eagles in the Air, Climbers to the Top of the Sky."

There is a vagueness, a mixture of facts and incoherent implications that make this poem difficult to follow. But it does convey one thing to the casual reader. America is a "swell place."

If after your first casual reading of "Good Morning America" you like it well enough to go thru it again, you will find that, altho America *is* a swell country and a hard-boiled one, Sandburg is not the hard-boiled poet he seems, carolling a slangy, rhymeless ditty in an effort to be modern. The "Bowery" terms and idioms and the absence of rhyme exist because they are so obviously the best means of expressing twentieth century America. There is a feeling of the immensity of skyscrapers, the littleness of mankind, and the lightning speed of the year 1928 all jumbled together with the questions everyone asks today: "what is it all about,—where did we come from,—and where are we going?"

But beneath the high confidence and power of the poem, there is the tenderness and gentle pity of the poet for this obstreperous nation which first "came to the pavilion of the four winds" in its swaddling clothes and is now raising the devil and doing its best to call up the Four Horsemen again.

MARJORIE E. ROOT.

The Boston Stone

For myriad centuries, we have been charmed and subdued by the obscure and mystical. We hear of things which are incomprehensible to us and we embroider the facts with fabulous stories. It is very difficult, therefore, to learn the truth of that which comes down to us from the past. We, today, believe we are building a future based on truth. It is a useless task, for the coming generations will look back on the events of this age and doubt their authenticity.

I had better be getting down the facts of my story or my readers will doubt that I have any. When I considered writing this article, I immediately thought of an unusual thrill I had recently experienced. Boston, I heard, is known as a staid city, but not trusting the opinions of others, I determined to investigate for myself. I wandered far and wide, east, west, south, and north, through the new, wide, and modern streets, into the old, crooked, narrow ones. We search for thrills and adventures, not knowing that we stumble over them at every step.

Turning into a dirty, narrow cobblestone alley near 41 Union Street, I saw and read in haste, "Boston Stone, 1737." Almost two hundred years ago! The Stone was not more than a foot and a half high and two and a half feet long, yet it held my attention as though it were a huge dragon. Directly above it there was set into the building a spherical stone with a diameter not as great as the length of the oblong beneath it. I quickly looked around, half expecting to see a group of Colonial ladies and gentlemen gathered around me. No one was near but a banana vender, pushing his cart of wares over the broken cobble-lane.

What was this curious, weather-beaten stone that held me so spellbound by its out-of-the-way location and staid inscription? There was an explanation above it.

"This stone was a handmill used for grinding paints, by Thomas Child, 'Painters—Stainers,' from 1692 to 1737. In excavating for the foundation for this building, it was uncovered and placed in its present local position as a central point from which distances from Boston were figured. The Painter's Arms, seen

on the Hanover Street side of this building—" I dashed around the corner and across the street to examine the Hanover Street side, almost pushing over two ragged little youngsters who had come to play around the stone. I did not have to search for the Arms. It caught my eye as soon as I looked up. How strange and old and interesting it was. I walked back and finished reading the description. "— were granted to Thomas Child about 1692 and are those granted to the ancient Painters' Guild of England, as far back as the year 1486." How little has been said in this simple description, yet how full it is of romance!

When we consider what busy lives the Bostonians of the seventeenth century lived, it seems probable that if any painting was done, it was done for compensation rather than for amusement. However, the presence of an artist then, was almost unheard of. The Puritans did not favor Art and it is probably true that Tom Child was no more than a sign painter. He is classed with Joseph Allen as a pioneer in the field of portrait painting, or a "limner of features," as they were then called. A portrait of John Quincy has been found that was done by this limner of features. It is not a masterpiece, but we do not care; we admire it and its painter who used this curious Boston Stone to grind his paints on and whose life to us is more a myth than a reality.

In 1692, this Mr. Child bought the estate where the stone now serves as a landmark. He was fortunate in finding there these stones which were left by the Indians and which were so suitable to his purpose. The spherical one was especially adaptable as a grinder.

The Painters' Arms, which has been preserved all these years, at one time hung over Mr. Child's house. It is an excellent piece of wood carving, and well worth favorable comment. Above the shield is carved "T.K.1701, Amor et Obedience" meaning "Thomas and K., for Katherine, his wife, Love and Obedience."

Mr. Howe, who later bought the estate, used the Boston Stone as a protection against passing vehicles. A local antiquarian says that in 1737 the owner of an ale shop nearby had "Boston Stone" engraved on it in mimicry of the London Stone. It was then that it was used by surveyors as a convenient point from which to measure distances.

The paint mill of 1700, when it became useless as a grinder, was turned on its side and lettered "Boston Stone 1737" by some canny Bostonian of Scotch descent.

No one can absolutely and conclusively prove any one of these facts, but after all, we do not want them proved. We cherish the Boston Stone's contribution of mystery to our staid city, and think of Thomas Child as Samuel Sewall did,

"Thomas Child has often painted Death,
But never to the Life before:
Doing it now, he's out of Breath,
He paints it once and paints no more."

EDA S. ADLER.

Sea Moods

I saw it churn
From the end of the stern
In green and blue,
Purple and white;
It slowly humped,
Then flattened each lump,
And gathered its volumes
In again.

I saw it race
Just a foot from my face,
Mysterious, relentless,
Black, at night,
With the flying dart
Of the phosphorous spark,
And the streak of green
From the porthole's light.

It seemed blue-gray
In its endless sway
Beneath the sky that
Knows all the sea;
And the fish went by
Like a knife flashed high,
A dolphin cutting
Each lifting wave.

I saw it white
As a cloud at night,
Or a winter world
In the still, deep snow,
Where the foam lay shred
On each purple head
Of the waves that lifted,
Dipped and died.

H. L. F.

America

On Saturday evening, January 12, it was the privilege of the American people to hear, under Mr. Damrosch's priceless direction, the second movement of *America*, the prize American Symphony by Ernest Bloch. Mr. Bloch apparently has gone about his work in much the same manner in which Mr. Benét treated his recent success. Reading the one and hearing the other, it is impossible not to see a resemblance, not to compare the second movement of *America* with *John Brown's Body*, both in structure and in their unique success in expressing the America of a past day.

The string quartet opens this movement with a beautifully orchestrated version of an old American folk tune. The entire first half of the movement is rich with familiar melodies, American, Negro, and Louisiana French, and there is a delightfully gay transition from the *Swanee River* theme to *Pop Goes the Weasel*. All this recreates in the mind the old-time Sunny South with its lazy plantation life, its undercurrent of a partially contented slavery, and the gay French atmosphere of New Orleans, each a separate picture skilfully fused into a definite, familiar whole.

The music changes. A feeling of unrest, of importunate omen blots the picture.

"Then something broke the peace.
Like wind it was, the flutter of rising wind,
But then it grew until it was the rushing
Of winged stallions, distant and terrible,
Trampling beyond the sky.
The hissing charge
Of lightless armies of angelic horse
Galloping down the stars."

The prophetic theme weaves into reality—War.

There is the roll of drums, the blasting percussion of guns interspersed with the blare of the trumpet and enveloped in the rush of battle. There is confusion and chaos with brief respites broken by the fitful outbursts of small forces, and then a long pause.

The horn begins a thin-toned, ominous recitative and is joined by a rising wail of the strings which diminishes to a whispering cry. Always there is the undertone, the desolation of war, the tragic, inevitable waste of life. The recitative continues with a sombre mournful lead into an inexpressibly dolorous funeral theme. Above this rises the great shivering sigh of the strings; a broken nation mourning its greatest Leader.

The second movement of the America symphony ends here. We can only wait impatiently to hear this work entire. And when Mr. Koussevitzky attempts it, we wish that he might turn to Mr. Fritz Reiner of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra for inspiration. Such an enterprise would constitute a memorable event in the lives of Boston music lovers.

Mr. Reiner, a Hungarian by birth, became an American citizen last July. He determined to present the Bloch Symphony in the spirit in which it was written, and with this in mind, he sought out what he considered the most typically American chorus which Cincinnati could assemble. He has been impressed by certain phases of American life which he regards as peculiar to the United States of today. "One of these is the participation of American mothers in careers other than motherhood. Another is the public school system." He resolved that both of these groups should be represented. Accordingly he chose a choral group of 135, known as *The Mothersingers*, and a chorus of 1000 from the public and parochial high schools. Fifteen schools were represented and each unit learned the score before they were assembled for the final rehearsal. A chorus of such proportions could not be accommodated on any stage in Cincinnati; so the entire gallery was given over to the high school group, while *The Mothersingers* and the orchestra occupied the stage. Of the 135 mothers, 54 had children singing in the gallery.

Apart from the mechanical effect of such an assembly, it is easy to see that the emotional effect of this chorus in a work of this kind is tremendous. In the last five minutes, the applause was so loud as to make the music also inaudible—an event that Cincinnati will not soon forget. The emotional power of the final movement of the Bloch Symphony is without peer in its ability to bring an audience to its feet.

Chinese Devil Dancers By Harold Lindergreen

The Making of Masks

By Daniel O. Brewster

The historic story of masks began at the dawn of civilization, and in the earliest of known Egyptian history we find it already developed into a fine art. These masks were used by the Egyptian priests in their religious ceremonials and also in connection with the elaborate death ritual. Today in our own Boston Museum of Fine Arts we may see the mummified coffins each with its mask suggesting the identity of the king or queen who ruled in Egypt some three thousand years ago.

In the Golden Age of Greek art, masks of the Greek gods were borne on poles, and with the aid of stilts suggested the gigantic forms of the heavenly deities who were so much a part of the life of the times. What a joy to visit in imagination a Greek theatre and to see the queer machines or derricks that propelled the masked gods, transporting them from Paradise to Earth or allowing them to take the mortals to the skies!

In China masks were much used in religious art. Those who are familiar with the Field Museum of Chicago will remember the unusual scenes displayed there of the Chinese ideas of Paradise and Purgatory, in which masks for the weird personalities are most graphically portrayed. The impression of Purgatory, with the King of Darkness torturing his victims, would surely make even a disbeliever return to the arms of Buddah.

Thus we may trace the history of the mask through the ages until, as the people became more educated and more open to sophistication, we find the mask surviving only in the puppet shows and in the plays for children. Happily, as man is still a child at heart, the modern idea of reviving masks in our theaters has become most popular, and of late years has offered to the student of stagecraft great possibilities for stimulating the imagination. This condition of affairs means that the making of masks may be carried into the curriculum of the art teacher and, for those people who are unfamiliar with the process of creating a mask, let us give one of the simplest and most satisfactory ways.

The first step is to model the mask you have in mind (this may be grotesque, conventionalized or realistic, according to the use to be made of it) in sculptor's clay on a flat board. When you are finished modelling you are ready to cast the mould from which the mask is to be taken. Go over the clay surface with a coating of linseed oil, applying this with a soft brush. Make a mixture of plaster of paris and water (sifting, for the average size mask, about five pounds of plaster into the water). Now pour the thick mixture over the oiled clay model to about an inch in thickness over the surface, as it rests on the board. Allow the plaster to set until it is quite hard, then the mould may be removed from the board and the clay from the mould.

It is now ready for the actual making of the mask, and here we might add that as many may be made as needed, from the individual mould. Line the mould with one layer of wet newspaper, previously cut in small triangular pieces, then cover the same with three layers of similar pieces, cut from sticky tape—the kind tradespeople use to fasten bundles. When this is dry, the mask may be removed from the mould and should be given a coat of shellac.

It is now ready for decorating. Poster paint may be used with great effectiveness and also a most realistic effect may be gained by covering the mask with vegetable glue and stretching over this a chamois skin which may be painted, this time with colored chalk or pastelle when the skin has dried in place.

A Professional Bit of Theatre Work

The Mascart Theatre showed its colors when it so successfully put on the school pageant. For the first time, the Faculty, Alumni, and Public had a chance to see what the students themselves could do. Every detail of a professional production was carefully carried out.

The fantasy called, "Geber," was written by Doris B. Thoreson, a Junior. The entire production was under the direction of the director of the Mascart Theatre, Monroe Walker Burbank. Assisting him were, M. Donald Plummer, Stage Manager and Designer of Properties; Rose Veselak, designer of all costumes; Robert Amendola, director of the orchestra; Edmund Bradley, Jr., director of the Dramatic Arts; Robert Henry Blattner, Advertising Manager, and Kenneth Barton, Business Manager.

The designing of costumes and sets was arranged with the lighting effects so as to form a beautiful and complete synthesis of theatrical composition. Simplicity in mass, color, and silhouette, was the outstanding theme.

This year much work was done in the training of a successful orchestra which helped immensely to tie up the production and to create the correct atmosphere. A splendid bit of work was done in this manner by Robert Amendola. This year's posters were designed and printed here at school and distributed among the leading universities, art schools, clubs, private schools and high schools of Greater Boston. A block print was designed by Robert Henry Blattner, and, with the necessary printed matter it formed a stunning effect. Mr. Blattner also designed and printed a cover for the programs, as well as printing a standard form of theatrical ticket.

Miss Rose Veselak did a remarkable piece of work in designing the costumes, spending much time in research work so as to avoid any criticism that might arise from costumes not being in the correct period.

The designing of the scenery and lighting was done by Mr. Burbank, being assisted in the construction by M. Donald Plummer. The settings were designed to take light as their only means of coloring and so constructed as to be rearranged in different forms on the stage. The sets and some of the costumes were carefully cut down in chroma to lend a perfect background to the leading characters. The shifting of the large sets of scenery were completed so quickly and quietly that the audience was unaware of any lapse of time between scenes. A scaffolding was built in the back of the hall to hold all switchboards and lighting equipment. A director's desk was established on the scaffolding with signal lights and telephone to backstage and orchestra. From this vantage point Mr. Burbank successfully controlled each performance. Many unique features in the field of electricity and staging were accomplished in this show.

Dressing rooms were equipped with mirrors and electric lights for make-up work. The regular theatrical call system was used and every performance started at slated time.

The coaching of the cast in spoken word and dancing was done by Edmund Bradley, Jr., a Sophomore. A month of serious rehearsing completed this branch of work.

This production went on stage the first night as a first night performance, not as a dress rehearsal, which is unique in the history of amateur productions.

Favorite Songs

Mr. Wilder: "I Fa' Down and Go Boom" (when making speeches).

Duet: Messrs. Major and Jamison: "If You Want the Rainbow, You Must Have the Rain."

Mr. Brewster: "I'd Rather be Blue Over You Than Happy with Somebody Else."

Mr. Cain: "She's Funny That Way."

Fable

Once upon a time there was an art school artist who had all his work ready to pass in on time at the end of the quarter.

Hoibut the Halibut says: "It's a great life if you don't weaken; but it's greater if you weaken just a little."

THE PLUMBLINE

America

Broadway! Flashing lights—The swirling crazy rhythm of a thousand dancers — Lights — Jewels — Laughter — Cover charge—Come on kid step on it!—Dark, gloomy, barren parks where tattered souses twist restlessly under the night sky. Soup kitchens, flop houses—The Bowery.

"Jobless Men Sold on Auction Block"—"Yeast King Launches Palatial New Yacht."

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people"—"Probe National Oil Scandal"—"Exposes Million Dollar Highway Graft" — "Governor Serves State Eight Years Without Pay, Turns Salary Back to Treasury."

"You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time"—"Prohibit Teaching of Evolution in Tennessee"—"Ban Darwinian Theory in Arkansas, Pupils Bootleg Biology Books."

America! Bombast, bunkum, bigotry.—"Mayor Says History Books Pro-British; Promises to Drive King George from Public Schools" — "Watch and Ward Bans Book in Boston."

America! Truth, eloquence, tolerance. "Thousands Pay Tribute to German Fliers"—"All Creeds and Classes Unite in Great Easter Morn Service"—"Money Pours In for Japanese Earthquake Relief."

America! Land of hot, noisy, smoky cities; and trackless, windswept forests. America, bound with thews and sinews of steel.—Steel!—Huge, black stacks vomiting flame against a midnight sky. Wops, bohunks, and dagoes sweating and grunting, bodies glistening with sweat. Seething cauldrons of white flame and glowing, retching liquid.—Glistening rails that stretch mile on mile across prairie, hill, and valley; the veins and arteries of a nation. Far flung bridges, lacelike against the sky. Towering palisades of steel and stone rising far above murky, noisy canyons filled with blue haze and the stench of gasoline.—Mellow light streaming into the wet, glistening night from little houses nestling on tree bowered streets.

America! Short skirts, rolled hose, the flavor lasts, marathon dancers, talkies, speakeasies, Lucky Strikes, balloon tires, not a cough in a carload, beauty contests, machine guns, bombs, Rotary Clubs, sobbing saxophones, fast cars, faster cars.

Plymouth Rock, Hollywood, Henry Ford, Lindbergh, Will Rogers, Rockefeller, Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, Potpourri: America!

The Masterpiece

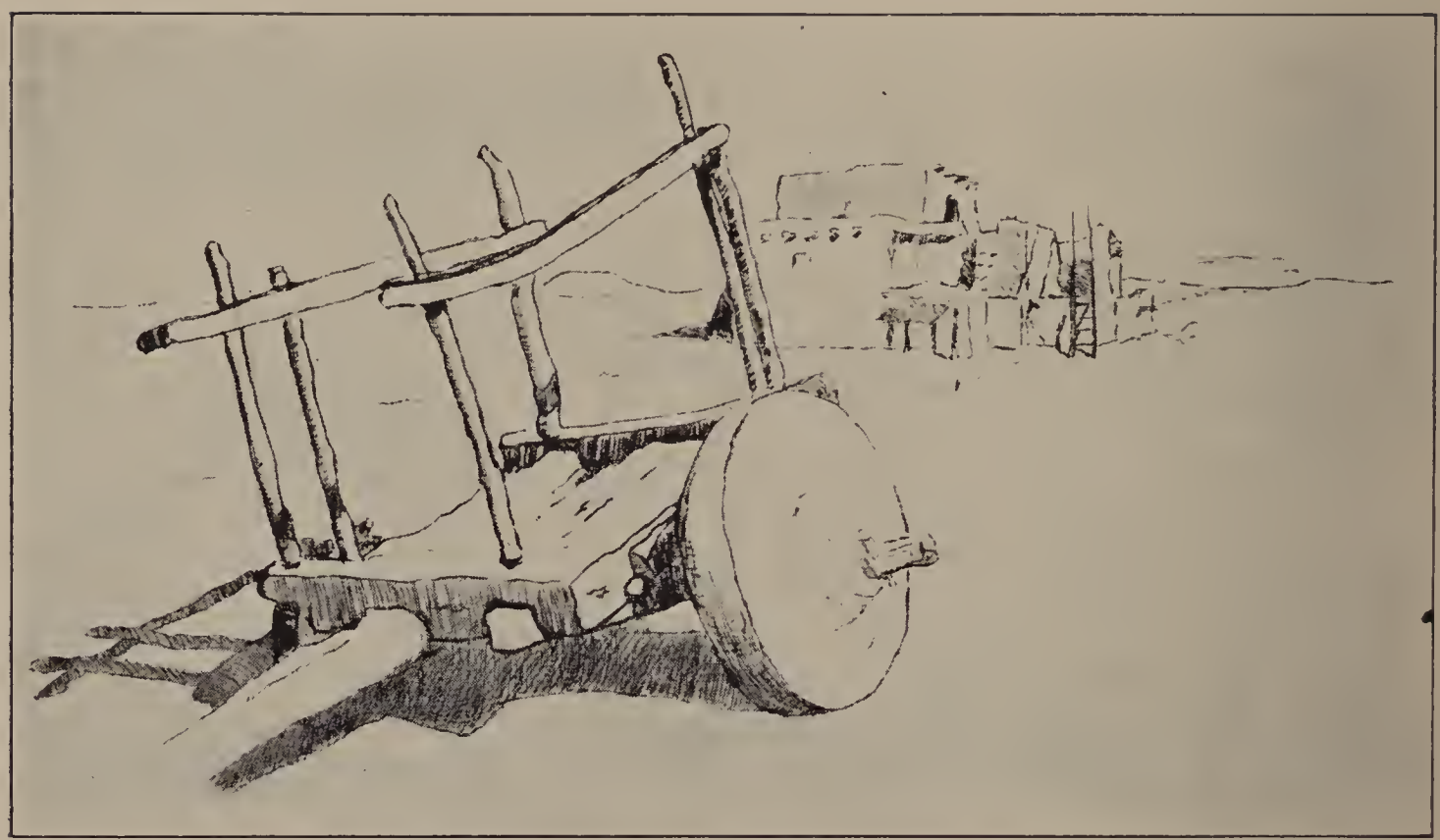
Not so long ago, dear readers, une artiste tres moderne, sent a picture to an exhibition.

The common people, the mob, the booberserie, looked at it in startled wonder and went away feeling strangely depressed and baffled. Then the intelligentzia and the critiques modernes came and looked at it.

"The work of a genius! ! C'est magnifique. Such profundity! Such depth and penetration combined with a rare understanding of the cosmic psychoses. Such reflective ecstasy, primitive, basic, fundamental; yet so removed in expression from the concept of the lay mind."

"Ah, at last," sighed the artist, "at last I am understood!" And he came to the exhibition to see and marvel anew at his own creation. But when he entered the gallery and beheld his picture with the intellectual intelligentzia gathered before it, he uttered a wild howl of anguish. Grasping his bald head, he tore his hair in frenzy and collapsed with a loud plop into a quivering jelly. For his masterpiece, his profound, penetrating, precocious, painting was hanging upside down!

THE · VIGNETTE



Mesa Land By Gordon Reynolds

The Land of Mesas and Pueblos

The human interest connected with the Mesa lands and Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico is not very great. No mediaeval mystery haunts these stupendous ramparts, these mighty table lands so beautiful in form and color. Yet, here I find romance. When I put my driving gloves to one side, and leisurely look about, the romantic life of the Southwest grows on me. The Spaniards, lured by tales of silver, gold and turquoise had probably crossed the very spot where I stand. Prehistoric races, explorers, Indians, priests, pioneers, prospectors, cattle men, and adventurers of every sort from every land—all, all have come this way.

It was with interest that I learned that the natives of the arid regions were probably fugitives from the more fertile lands, whence they had been expelled by the ancestors of the cruel Apaches. The mesas form an ideal protection for these peace-loving tribes, and the adobe homes and pueblos soon topped the crags.

The Indian pueblo is really a honeycomb of adobe cells built up on terraces over which sunshine and color play. The construction, the crude ladders and devices for self protection all suggest primitiveness. Look about—again you see the primitive love of color. An old squaw with her bright blanket and white wool leg wrappings is crouched before a Mexican oven. Over your head hangs red-orange peppers and chile drying on pegs.

A breeze laden with the odor of sage starts a small whirlwind and gradually increases as it collects tumble weed and dust. As you watch it disappear on the horizon your eye chances upon an old cart. It is made entirely of wood and upon close examination shows years of hard usage. Beyond is an adobe house which seems orange in the sunlight while the shadows play pranks as they climb about the terraces.

I see an old man, his face wrinkled by the suns of many summers, repairing a broken ladder. He uses one of man's first instruments, a stone. He undoubtedly trades with shells and turquoise as well as American money, and unites his Pagan rites with the Christian ceremonies performed by the few remaining Jesuits.

A little Indian boy goes by loaded with pottery and as he disappears behind the thick adobe walls of the Catholic mission, two more run by playing with their dog. An Indian woman hobbles along beating at the stray goats and sheep of the herd with a branch of mesa wood. She speaks in passing to a group who are carding wool and weaving. Near by on a peg hangs a papoose. The shadows are growing long.—Look West—the sun, a ball of fire with gnarled cedar silhouetted against it, slips down. Here are the Pueblos. Such is the Romance of the Southwest.

G. R.

Walk at Evening

Tonight I walked outdoors a while
Where evening had just passed by,
And shed its quiet, misty gray
Across the streets and 'round the trees
For one short time I lost my sight
Of people, houses, dusty grass,
And fancied that I'd turn a bend
And find a sudden wondrous sight.
At last I passed beyond a tree
That marked the last curve near my home,
And glimpsed beyond a cherry tree
In full white bloom against the sky,
Ah—that is life and that is art,
To find in rush of every day
Undreamed of glory shining where
We never noticed it before.

H. L. F.

THE · VIGNETTE

DORIS WHITTAKER
Editor

K. GILLETTE M. ROOT
K. BARTON E. DURGIN
Editorial Staff

N. SMITH D. HUNTER
M. OLIVER L. GIFFORD
Class Editors

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What Price Homer?

An uneducated gentleman of the slums, who has read the Odyssey in a mission house, tries to relate to his bosom friend, also uneducated, the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclopes.

"'Way back in th' days when they wore nightgowns for tuxedos, th' was a guy what came from th' Greek race an' his name was Useless."

"Useless?"

"We-ell—somethin' sim'lar. I never could get 'round those furrin' names. Anyway, seems like he was a reg'lar hobo, an' almost 's' soon as he could crawl across th' linoleum he was foragin' 'round for himself. Well, him an' his gang o' cutthroats went through all sorts o' scraps. Anyway, this Homer guy—"

"Who's Homer?"

"Th' guy that wrote 'bout this Useless fella. 'Cordin' to this Homer guy, th' flappers in them days was terrible. Th' guys was always scrappin' as to who's goin' to marry which. One time when they was comin' back from a shindig, they fell in with a bunch of lotus eaters an'—"

"Oh, I see, somethin' like a vegetarian?"

"No! you clown! Th' lotus was somethin' like dope. When you fed up on this stuff you had sweet dreams, an' forgot where next month's rent was comin' from an' th' like. Anyway, after they left them lotus eaters, th' wind died down an' they hadda row th' scow they was in an'—well, they rowed an' rowed 'til finally they came to where th' Cyclopes hung out at—"

"Cyclopes? Oh, you mean one o' them bicycle factories?"

"Fool! No! But wait'll I tell you. It's better than that serial runnin' in th' "Monthly Morgue." Ya know th' one? "Bloodstains on th' 13th door?" Anyway, they hit this island where everythin' was fit for a king. Th' bunch hung their hammocks there for th' night. Th' next mornin' must o' been open season 'cause they shot 'bout every animal there, an' had spring lamb, an' swilled beer, an' had open house. After this, Useless takes a dozen o' his best scrappers an' after fillin' up a goat-skin flask full o' wine, they started out lookin' for trouble. 'Bout this time, they found a cave in th' middle o' th' joint, where this Cyclopes hung out. Inside this cave was mess o' goats, an' sheep, an' milk pails, an' big cheeses, so it looks like th' old boy was a big butter an' egg man. By this time, th' scrappers was gettin' panicky an' yodels to Useless that duty calls them hither, but Useless makes 'em stay right with him.

"'Bout five o'clock, Cyclopes comes home. He wasn't just big, he was immense. After th' scrappers get their lamps on him, they scatter for th' milk pails or anythin' else they could hide under. It didn't increase their pleasure any when they lamped him puttin' a rock 'cross th' cave's mouth that a flat car couldn't o' carried. After milkin' all the she-goats, he built up a fire an' suddenly sees Useless and company 'round th' milk pails. He bellows out, 'Who are

youse? Bootleggers, or what?' Useless saws it was a dumb trick to wisecrack to this elephant so he barks back, 'No, we ain't bootleggers! We dropped into this joint by mistake!' Then Polyphemus pumps—"

"Polly who?"

"Polyphemus."

"Say, I thought you said this guy was somethin' like a Greek wrestler, an' now you call her Polly!"

"Didn't I tell you once that these monikers was all Greek to me. Dry up! Anyways, old Polly pumps Useless 'bout where th' rest o' th' navy is. This Useless bird knew his onions. He knew if he told old Polly about th' bunch outside, he'd go out an' step on th' whole fleet. He gives a sob story 'bout th' whole works goin' down to Davy Jones' Locker. Then Polly, without another peep out o' him, grabs up two o' th' crew an' guzzles 'em down, dones an' all, washin' 'em down with a coupla gallons o' milk. Then he hit th' hay.

"Useless realized this supply an' demand business wasn't so hot, an' that unless he does some tall thinkin' there soon ain't goin' to be any supply. Th' next mornin' Cyclops eats two more then goes off to work, leavin' the big rock 'cross th' entrance o' th' cave. Useless starts crackin' his brain pan an' suddenly lamps a big pole in th' cave, most 's high 's a steamship funnel. So under Useless' direction, th' gang sharpened 'bout ten feet o' this an' then hid it.

"When old Polly comes in that night, he eats two more for supper. Now Useless drags out th' flask o' wine he'd been savin' an' asks Polly would he care to take a nip. Polly would. He laps it up like Prohibition had been a success in his land. Pretty soon he gets pie-eyed an' loosened up 'nough so he asks Useless his name. Useless was no slouch when it come to usin' his knob. He tells old Polly his name is 'No Man.' By this time Polly was so plastered he fell asleep. Then th' gang drew out th' pole they'd been sharpenin' an' heats it red hot. Now old Polly only had one eye, right in th' middle o' his forehead. Useless must o' been a boss riveter 'fore he joined th' navy, 'cause th' way they riveted that pole in Polly's eye was nobody's business. That eye just hissed and sizzled.

"Then Polly jumped up an' let a bellow out o' him that any subway conductor would o' been proud of. Seems like this whole island was full o' Cyclopes an' when Polly bellowed they all came troopin' in' an' asked after his health. 'No Man has slain me!' yelps Polly. 'Then if no man has slain you why all th' racket?' pipes up an inquisitive Cyclopes. Old Polly tries to explain how he had got plastered an' all. Th' Cyclopes got a great kick out o' this 'cause he couldn't make 'em up any better. They kidded him 'bout it's a good thing he isn't married an' have to make such rotten alibis to his wife, when he staggers in at three after midnight.

"They think old Polly is slightly cracked, but it's such a good excuse to get out that they all stayed all night an' played pinochle. Meanwhile, Useless an' company was hidin' in 'mongst th' goats an' rams. They certainly were up against it. Instead o' havin' one Cyclops to feed, it looked like there was goin' to be a banquet scene with Useless an' company as uninvited guests. Useless had to think fast, an' suddenly he hit upon a whizzer. He hitches each guy under a goat's belly. Then he hitches himself under a big shaggy ram.

"By this time th' Cyclopes decided to call it quits an' roll back th' rock to beat it for home. When th' flock sees th' green grass they knew it meant eats so they scattered for th' wide open spaces. So Useless an' his crew got out safe an' sound, while old Polly raged up an' down like a bartender listenin' in on the W.C.T.U. Let me tell you, Homer was no hearse when it come to tellin' stories."

"I'll say he wa'nt. He knew his tabloids!"

CLYDE S. FENNER.

Driftwood . . . . . .

Driftwood! Coming from nowhere . . . . .
Going nowhere
Drifting with the tide
Lashed by storms . . . stilled by calms
Seeking a place to bide
Cast upon some dreary beach
There to lie . . . to rot . . .
And bleach!
That is Driftwood!

P. Q.

AMERICA

Hail America

Skyscrapers, monuments
Airplanes, and ships
Who makes them?
Americans!

How?
Cornfields, blue-prints
Pay-days, and slang
Who makes them?
Americans!

But say
America is young,
America is Youth
We appreciate history, but
We don't look back.

America grows up
America suffers, laughs,
We have schemes,
We never say die.
America builds skyscrapers,
Aircastles are not for her
All Hail! Our America!

The Prague Teachers' Chorus Makes Its First American Tour

"You are an art student?" people say to me at frequent intervals. "How nice! I think it must be wonderful to know how to draw." But I feel that it is more wonderful that our study of art gives us an appreciation of beauty found in other arts closely related to our own. Certainly, music is one of these. Some music makes pictures for us, pictures that are great because they reveal the pulsing joy of a nation, the age old sorrow of a people, or an intangible racial charm. That music gives us keen joy in a new vision. The Prague Teachers' Chorus gave me such a vision at Symphony Hall last month.

Responding to the developing interest in chorus singing the Prague Teachers' Chorus, one of the most remarkable singing organizations in the world, has begun its first American Tour. Since Mr. Farnum's talk on Prague in Assembly, and since the exhibit in our school of drawings by Czechoslovakian children, we have an increased interest in the Czech people. Perhaps it is partly because they love so much anything American, and so admire American ideals, that the Chorus has come at last to the United States. In Europe the most critical musicians have honored this group and dedicated their compositions to it.

Most people enjoy an organ, and are silenced by its deep voice in a church. They thrill to the volume that sends vibrations shaking the building, and love the delicate notes that come forth with such clear purity. The Prague Teachers' Chorus, singing unaccompanied, has all the tone quality of a great organ and all the emotion that it may express when a master plays. Astounding power was in those 60 male voices; penetrating, rolling power like the surge of the sea. They had also, the exquisite lightness of a flute. That is why they were called back again and again by one of Symphony Hall's most appreciative audiences. Yet we would not have sat so profoundly moved,

if there had not been more than tone quality. There was the master, whose own soul, in the miracle of creation we see in art, poetry and music, found its way into the people he lead. The chorus sang under the direction of Metod Doležil, a young Moravian musician whose remarkable career has been recognized by the bestowal of the "Benemerenti," the highest musical award which can be conferred by the Roumanian government. He has trained his instrument thoroughly. The whole group is like an organ he plays upon. And like the Bakule children, these singers from Czecho-Slovakia have learned to let their own emotion color every tone. That is our greatest art, the soul speaking through a medium that enhances its glory. Hearing the men sing, I saw their native land again. I saw the sun slanting on the fields of grain, golden, yellow-green, and blue, reaching to the red-tiled roofs. I remember the Czech children, and saw their brilliant colored skirts swinging in the dance. They made their country live for us, and more than that, they sang our own national anthem with more expression than I have heard in any American singing group.

I had the great pleasure of meeting the singers after their concert. I had also the great difficulty of communicating with them, to their amusement. I don't pretend to speak Czech, and my combination of other languages was as complicated. Through the kindness of the interpreter I received a clear answer to some of my questions. He smiled on me very benevolently and I felt very young.

"Your Mr. Damrosch," he said, "has, what do you call it, put his hand above us. He will take care of us in America. Perhaps he will arrange a radio broadcast." He told us of the training of the members of the chorus. Those whose voices have made them eligible to join the group are divided up in groups of four, two tenors and two basses. These small groups privately study and take up carefully the works of one composer. When each of these groups, as I understand it, has completed its study and practice, they rehearse in one large body for a whole year before they appear in public.

This careful training accounts for the voice of the Chorus that responds so beautifully to the hand that directs it, that plays upon it. Yet that elusive loveliness of expression we can not trace. It is born of the old, old peasant folk, steeped in the sun of their traditions and the light on their rye fields; and it is fresh with the voice of the new republic, the young, eager country that grows from such a rich inheritance.

HILDA L. FROST.

What Can We Do On Sunday?

Of course, if you live at home you can find plenty to do on Sunday, but if you're living in town you may have time on your hands, that is, if you're not a Senior you may have time on your hands! There are so many things to do in Boston on a Sunday that the chief difficulty is to make up one's mind which of the attractions to choose. If your mind runs to debatable topics there are the Forums, Ford Hall, The Old South Forum, The Common Cause Forum, and The Educational Alliance Forum. If you prefer dramatic readings to lectures, try the Boston Public Library, or the Parker Memorial. The Library is sure to have something both in the afternoon and in the evening. And if you prefer music, there is Symphony Hall, The People's Symphony at the Hotel Statler, those excellent organ recitals by Mr. Zeuch at the Berkeley Street church, and very often there is a musical program at the Public Library. We realize that Symphony Hall is only for those who have more pin money than we have, but even the poorest of us can go to the Public Library or to hear Mr. Zeuch, and one may hear the People's Symphony Orchestra for only twenty-five cents. As for the lectures, they are all free. If you have not been to Ford Hall try to go before the end of school. You will find a "family spirit" there that will surprise you in such a mixed audience, and you are sure of good entertainment and time well spent.

One parting thought, if you have wondered where THE VIGNETTE was hiding and why it didn't come out sooner, remember that Rome was not made in a day, and it takes a little time to lay hold of America.

EDITORIALS

We, the editor, have tried an experiment, which perhaps we shouldn't have done, but when will we ever have the means at our disposal again? Opportunity has been known to stick a pin in the doorbell and run, and few people have ever developed fallen arches from trying to keep up with their Good Luck. Strike while you can, is our motto, and if you don't belong to the Union, God help you. So we tried an experiment.

So many people go abroad these days, many of them foolishly, when Reno would do just as well; and many others, like our own small group who went humbly, almost devoutly, to visit haloed spots in the Old World that the sweet essence of these places might thrill them as it has thrilled others before them. The experience was as rich and fruitful as they had hoped, yet when they came back they said, "You cannot appreciate America until you have been away." To which we stay-at-homes replied, "Oh, can't we!" But, can we, we wondered, and then it was that we had the idea which has taken form in this number of THE VIGNETTE. Just what do we think of this America? What does it mean to us? Surely not the same thing to everyone, and yet out of a group might there not be some one thing that every one might feel? *John Brown's Body* is a composite of things which go to make up one America, not America today, but all the world Today, and America Yesterday. Wouldn't it be fun, we thought, to have an America number of THE VIGNETTE. We'd find out what some of our own group think about America Today and it can't be without interest whatever the opinion. And beside that, we can review some current literature with a purely American flavor and what have you. Which has been done, and perhaps we ought to stop here, but the temptation to ramble along is great, and after all, the editor has as much time for recreation as anyone else!

We notice with some pleasure that Paul Quinn has proven the "child is father to the man" business once again by choosing to illustrate the prologue to *John Brown's Body*. Paul could never let a chance at the people who have been high lights in his boyhood slip by.

"Don't I know the type!" he said, all excitement, "sanctimonious old hypocrites with a Bible in one hand and a bottle in the other." And so we have our frontispiece, one of these same old sea dogs, his lean, skinny finger accenting the Word of God as he gesticulates above the bottle. There is something picturesque about the type and we believe Paul meant us to feel it, despite his deprecating comment.

Richard Ellery has "gone Sandburg," both in his linoleum cut and in his accompanying poem. He sees in America the restlessness that we all feel, and beneath it a conscious Growing which is so aptly expressed in scenes of modern architectural development. His Young America stands on a swaying girder, gracefully keeping the rhythm; a muscular, sun-tanned, nerveless son of a mixed race, supremely confident in himself.

Gordon chooses for his America, not the old, familiar New England, but the new America of the great Southwest. There, in the dry heat of a southern sun, where the world is of a different color, Gordon finds the roots of a something that is as truly American as anything in old New England. We, of New England, are too prone to lay undue emphasis on the G.A.R. and the D.A.R.—oh especially on the D.A.R.—but America laughs at us. She is become cosmopolite by virtue of her sons and daughters, so Gordon's claim is valid and the little glimpse we have of ox-cart and adobe is a glimpse of America forsooth.

Max Gorodnitsky has chosen to be more symbolic. He gives us the first American, subdued at last, held down by the symbols of America today, the Eagles, but out of this submission, like Phoenix from the ashes, to give a time-honored illustration, grows civilization, symbolized by the skyscraper ever climbing upward, its pinnacles bathed in light. Perhaps Max has given us the truest interpretation, for while all phases are American, his comes nearest to being *America*.

CLASS NEWS

Freshmen Notes

David Jordan said, "Rome endured as long as there were Romans. America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought."

We will hold our place in Art as long as it is typically American. Of course, one wonders what class of people can be most truthfully called American. The Redskin holds the title as the Original American, but the Americans to whom we look for the great works of the future are still being born. Their source is fifty different countries all blended into One. It is the fusing of the ancient inheritances of these with the American spirit of today that brings new fire and new life into American Art.

The Freshman Class has representatives of many nationalities. On a smaller scale, we reflect the country in that we come here from different schools and meet with a common aim. We shall all bear the trade-mark of this little community. We shall be influenced by each other, and colored by tradition, and perhaps from among us there will be some whose work will in the future be hailed as truly American.

NELLIE G. SMITH.

Sophomore Notes

Time to make much whoopee! Spring's on the way, and with it marbles and jumping ropes and lazy days when one says, "Never mind getting behind me Satan. Come right along beside! I didn't want to work anyhow!"

After due time and thought and consideration, the Sophs have decided to make their gala contribution to the social whirl a dance. Of course, we realize what a really different and entirely original plan this is, and it was only after various whys and wherefores that the decision was made. The advisability of having plays again was royally upheld by much stamping of feet on the left side of the hall, but was finally won over by the conclusive arguments of the right. The proposal of a roller skating party caused a howl on both right and left sides, and those in the middle retired under the seats. Then it was, in this auspicious moment, that a dance was suggested, and the owner of this small brainstorm bowed modestly to the cheering assembly while his name was written on the dust on the pedestal of Naomi and Ruth in the corner. The exact date of the event is left hanging, as the only times seem to be either during Lent, or between the dates of the Junior and Senior dances. And of course, we'd rather hate to spoil the effect of theirs by the anticipation ours will bring. However, what must be must be, and it's all on the knees of the gods.

MARJORIE OLIVER.

Junior Class Report

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capitol had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

How like *Geber* and its medieval court over whom a dark spirit hovered. *Geber* scored a glorious victory for the Mascart Theatre and for the school when the newspapers printed their reviews. The Junior Class should be proud of its part

in the production. It was written and directed by members of the class and others were largely responsible for the costumes and stage sets, not to mention the music.

Old Man Winter may not be blowing forth grizzly blizzards but he is doing his worst by other means. Seizures of the sniffles make the halls sound like a fresh air camp—and what a little germ can do to a hitherto perfectly good-looking art student. Cheer up; Washington reports a counter-barrage of the flu on the way, possibly worse than the first.

News! News! News! Portraits *a la* Bachrach. What surprises! Pictures like these were never seen before and surely never thought of. Get your subscription in early for The Year Book cannot fail to sell out this year.

A new corporation has dared to raise its head from the chaos of the Design room. The Blattner, Ritchie Studio has become firmly established here, especially after school, but fails to cooperate in catching trains. All that is needed now is a shingle.

Several Juniors attended the Copley Society's Fine Arts Ball, Feb. 12. The next day one student wore a black tie, "in mourning for those who did not go." It was a very beautiful affair. Mr. Dallin, in Indian costume, announced an Indian dance and explained some of its mysteries. It was a surprise to recognize the leading dancer as our Indian model wearing the same head dress and beaded trousers so often drawn at school.

Gordon Reynolds gave us an assembly in which he proved himself the equal of Burton Holmes. He not only brought some beautiful material treasures from the West in the form of Indian blankets and pottery, but he acquired some mental treasures which we can only try to understand until we visit the west ourselves.

Exams are over and the dread of getting marks grows on us. Reassure us as they will, the teachers are unable to down the apprehension born of experience. But why bring that up? Everyone is going to get an A this term—that is if they study hard, are very clever, and are just naturally born lucky.

DOROTHY HUNTER.

Senior Notes

There has been much Senior work on display of late, besides what is usually on the first floor of the school building. It has so happened that all the divisions of the class have been represented.

In the school, the Costume people show a set of Peasant Costumes, European costume from 700 A.D. to 1600, and some large plates of modern costume that they have designed for two types of figures. Besides being historically correct, the delicate work is nearly all in color. The six figures in the show-case downstairs were done by Juniors and Seniors in the Modelling Department. They were designed for use in the new Massachusetts School of Art and it is also possible to secure small copies.

Members of the Senior class have been among the number who have participated in the decorating of windows at Houghton and Dutton's as a feature of Art Week here.

In the exhibition of the Alumni Association of this school held at Jordan Marsh's, there were exhibits from the Design class, the Drawing and Painting department. and the Teacher Training department. The greatest number came from the Design people, and the whole consisted of advertising matter, posters, batiks, watercolors, illustrations, and block prints.

All this shows that the Seniors are collecting the flying ends of their present training and beginning what will end in the close, able strand of professionalism.

Morituri Salutamus

For two short years THE VIGNETTE has struggled for existence here. Now it passes; in the name of Duty, in the name of Evolution. The old issues will appear no more. Instead, there will be a glorified Year Book and VIGNETTE combined. This is as it should be. The Massachusetts School of Art should put out a Year Book, nominally priced, yet wholly artistic in tone, a worthy reflection of this school.

ART NEWS

Exhibitions

The "exhibition-of-the-month" for me, this time, was the one by the Boston Society of Water Color Painters, at the Vose Galleries. Here were many familiar and well-liked friends of ours: Benson, Sears, Gallagher, John Lavalle, and John Whorf, Mr. Philbrick, William Kaula and many others. There was not a painting there that I did not wish were mine to take home. (It's lucky all wishes don't come home to roost or Ellen and I would be crowded out onto the fire escape by now!)

Almost all of this exhibition was New England Landscapes which made it especially dear to me. Each artist represented mountains, pastures, trees, ships, or whatever his particular field was. There are the White Mountains in Charles Curtis Allen's snowy summit of Mount Jefferson and in Harry W. Rice's smoky, blue compositions, "Late Autumn," and "Carter Notch." Our "rock-bound coast" (without the rocks) is in Mr. Woodbury's pale, seething "Beach." "Early Spring," by Frank Benson, has the desolate, but promising look of New England at that season. "Snow, New Ipswich" and "Whittemore Hill" by William Kaula are soft and color-soaked trees and sky, done in the unmistakable Kaula style. John Lavalle's "Ski Tracks," is a snowy wood in bright sunshine with deep, blue shadows, and the ships of New England are masterfully suggested by John Whorf's "In the Harbor," and "At Anchor." Stanley Woodward has two landscapes showing a little house with a quaint high-pitched roof from whose ridge-pole one can easily imagine a Salem witch taking flight.

At the Casson Gallery, were the landscapes by Atherton Furlong, whose son Mr. Farnum told us about in Assembly. Mr. Furlong's paintings have a curious, misty quality that is likable in some instances. "Misty Morning," a study in cool greys, is quite beautiful.

Immediately after leaving the Casson, I went to Doll and Richards' to see Bessy Creighton's water colors which happened to be very modern ones in which every detail was put right out in plain sight and left there to get along with its neighbors as best it could. One felt that Mr. Furlong's smoked glasses would have subtracted a good deal from the compositions and would have improved them thereby. One or two were quite pleasing, however, provided I remained at a very respectful distance, — "Old Houses, Marblehead," and "An Old Marblehead Street."

Earlier in the month, the Vose showed a fine group of "Paintings by Old Masters," chiefly portraits. There was a sumptuous one by Sir Thomas Lawrence, "H. R. M. George IV" a vigorous-looking personage crowned with thick, disordered hair, and royally dressed in scarlet and white. Rubens' "Esther before Ahasuerus," "River Scene" by Jan Goyen, and a fine Raeburn portrait were more or less familiar to us from our history course. Side by side, intentionally or otherwise, were a "Portrait of a Lady" and a "Portrait of a Woman" both by Dutch artists. They were amiable-looking females of the period richly dressed in laces and silks.

There has been another exhibition of Contemporary American Art at the Boston Art Club this month which was even more varied and interesting than the last one. Portraits, landscapes, still life, and sculpture were all displayed at this showing. I remember and like best two landscapes by John Carlsen and a still life by

Emil Carlsen. "River Sentinels" and "Snowy Woods" were much alike; in both there were the same blue-black, shaggy-barked trees that seemed to be dripping with moisture in a spring thaw perhaps, with the underbrush faintly pink, suggestive of maple buds starting through. Both pictures were individual and not soon forgotten. Emil Carlsen's "Brass Kettle" was a warm, golden corner in which leaned a shining brass kettle. Three fat, blue bottles with slender necks were grouped in front, and scattered around them were some of the most poetic-appearing onions I have ever seen, milky-white and beautifully painted.

Philip Sears had a collection of sculpture at the Guild a short time ago. Several of the portrait heads and garden figures were already familiar to us. "Sleeping Youth," a new one, was the graceful figure of a youth asleep with his head on his knees.

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